

## And Where Shall We End? by orphan\_account

**Category:** Gravity Falls, Over the Garden Wall (Cartoon), Star vs. The Forces Of Evil, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Abduction, Alternate Universe - Dark, Eldritch Bill Cipher, F/M, Gen, Help, I Don't Even Know, I'm a piece of literal shit, IF YOU'VE SEEN STRANGER THINGS YOU KNOW HOW THIS WILL END, JUST, Janna and Marco are Cousins, Jewish Pines Family, Multi, Multiple Crossovers, Nightmare Fuel, Star is Eleven, Stranger Things AU, Tags Are Hard, The Upside Down is the Unknown, What Have I Done, Yikes, also I deleted the subplots because uh, as it should have been tbh, i haven't even finished it and yet here I am, it gets bad okay, lots - Freeform

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**Characters:** Dipper Pines, Janna (Star vs. The Forces Of Evil), Mabel Pines, Marco Diaz, Other Character Tags to Be Added, Star Butterfly, Wirt (Over the Garden Wall)

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**Summary:**

A Stranger Things AU crossover.

**November 1983.**

**Gravity Falls, Oregon.**

**Missing: Mason 'Dipper' Pines, (13)**

***Last seen riding home from friend's house after RPG tournament.***

*It didn't make any sense, nothing made sense. Except when Star had pointed to that word in the report. She knew where he was.*

**Status:** *Unknown.*

# 1. Led Through The Mist

## Author's Note:

Uhhh...

I had to write a fic, and not just any fic. A multi crossover because honestly. I have no control.

*Something is coming.*

*Something hungry for blood.*

*A shadow grows on the wall behind you, swallowing you in darkness.*

"It is almost here."

"What is it? What if it's the Demogorgon? Oh man, we're so screwed if it's the Demogorgon."

It was a usual scene of a usual night. In the usual place at the usual time in a very usual town of suburbia.

Nerds around a card table set up specially for the occasion.

A three man band of assortment, youth, reckless yet cautious, naive.

Those who bear shining eyes, bright futures, just on the edge of adolescence and in the midst of puberty and all it's harrowing revelations.

For now they gathered for a campaign. A quest like no other. Dungeons, Dungeons and More Dungeons.

They squabbled and squealed in voices that cracked and squeaked. They were clearly enjoying themselves. Even unto the moment as the dice was rolled haphazardly on the floor. A wild dispute breaking out as what it bore would be the telling turn of the game. Life or death. On a small and tolerable scale.

"Marco!" Called the host's mother upstairs. "It's time for your friends to head home. It's a school night!"

"Mom, we can't stop now," The one addressed protested when he reached the bottom of the stairs, the scuffle of the die search above too much of a ruckus to yell over. "It'll ruin the *flow*! 15 more minutes, *please*."

"No Marco, I don't want your friends riding home any later than this. I really should have stopped you earlier."

"Dad?"

"She's right Mijo."

And so they were forced to disband for the evening. Picking up the card table and it's contents.

"What was on the die?" The half-latino whispered conspiratorially to his slightly older best friend. *Halfsies*, they could have called their group. A half Latino, a half brother, and a half Jew. Though the third to the trio was currently fetching his twin sister just down the hall.

"Seven." the big eared boy replied uneasily, they both knew what that meant "uhhh...should we tell Dip?"

"Let's not."

"Good call."

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"You guys want any leftover pizza? It's Hawaiian." The short boy stood awkwardly out side the door to the teenager's bedroom. Still very inept to anything regarding that mysterious subject known as girls. He may have had a twin sister, but that was entirely different obviously.

"I don't eat ham Dipper, you know that." His sister replied reproachfully.

"Why, because you're kosher?" Questioned the owner of the room, Janna, who had been staying with her aunt and uncle for as long as

anyone could remember.

"No, of course not, because of Waddles."

"Would you like any pizza Janna?" Dipper tried again, willing his voice not to crack as it always seemed to around the oddly intimidating girl.

"Pineapple on pizza is a sacrilege."

*So that was a no.*

"Hey Bro Bro, I'll be staying here tonight, just a head's up, let Stan know for me? Thanks."

"Yeah okay, uh have fun then."

"We will." And with this Janna had slammed the door in his face.

He liked mysteries that could be solved and monsters that could be defeated.

Girls were neither of those.

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He still saw the die, Wirt had never been good at hiding things before getting sidetracked by other things, like how a card table's legs fold in at perfect angles.

"It was a seven." He told Marco as he mounted his bike.

"Huh?" Marco asked lightly, feigning ignorance.

"The roll, it was a seven." His look asked why Marco knew and had not told him. "The Demogorgon, it got me."

"Yeah?" Was all the hooded boy could reply. "See you tomorrow."

Dipper did not return the farewell as he started to peddle. A ride home being a good time to think.

He was tired of being sheltered as the youngest.

*I can handle things. When will they realize that?*

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Marco watched his friends retreat briefly before heading inside, prepared for another night kept awake through girlish squeals and gossip floating through thin walls. He didn't understand why Janna got to have her sleepover night and he could not extend his campaign a bit longer. It seemed a bit of blatant favoritism on his parents part. Perhaps the middle child syndrome he somehow had deveolped despite his lack of siblings.

*Just once I'd like to be the important one to someone.*

The lights flickered in the driveway. Marco wondered if there was a power surge.

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Wirt peddled quickly, something about the night around him not settling well with him. He just wanted to get home. Lock his door, take out his notebook, and write some poetry on how life was like the legs on a card table. Perfectly stable until you accidentally bend the locks holding it up on it's legs. Then everything comes crashing down around you. All it takes is for one leg to dissapear. To leave three unstable and the table wobbly. Yet if you have three working locks to support the one not working, you can get the table to stand.

*As long as you still have all of them.*

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Dipper wondered for the thousandth time what possessed his great uncle to purchase a run down shack on the edge of the woods and the furthest edge of town?

No wait he could answer that. *It was cheap.*

Still he wished that at least someone could take into consideration that streetlights were a general necessitiy for safety as a whole. Shouldn't that be more important than the fact the road was not frquently traveled after dark?

The moon went behind the clouds and it grew even darker than he could have expected. His eyes adjusting slightly as his bike headlight

went out. Another stroke of luck.

There was mist on the road ahead. It was to be expected, this was November.

What wasn't expected was the shadow looming with it.

*Who would be walking along this road in the middle of the night?*

It's movements were... irregular. Dipper could hardly see through the dark but it certainly didn't trot at a steady pace like a person who perhaps had car trouble and was heading back to the gas station. It didn't move like anything he could identify really. It just grew closer, or maybe he did, he was still peddling forward. A cold blood rushed through his veins. He couldn't shake it, something was definitely wrong.

Dipper wasn't one to shirk from opportunity, but he wasn't a foolhardy moron either. He contemplated turning back, just as suddenly as the mist came up to envelope his bike too. It was a blinding illusion. Skewing his perception of direction. Eventually somehow in the haze he spied a more familiar tree along the road and used it as landmark. Swerving away off the asphalt and abandoning his bike in the road side. He felt breath behind him. Heard it. Low and heavy. Ominious. He could feel his own lungs breathing deeply, trying to calm his fear. It wasn't working.

The comforting sight of his uncle's home and business loomed ahead in the mist now like a shining beacon of hope. Though not as shining as it could be, for every light inside and out was extinguished.

He bounded up the front steps two at a time, desperately pounding the door.

"GRUNKLE STAN! GRUNKLE STAN! PLEASE LET ME IN!"

There was no response, there was no one there. Still the front door swung open as Dipper rushed into the apparent safety. Locking it firmly behind him. He peeked out the window to feel his stomach turn.

Still the thing was coming, it's breath now harried and rasp.

Dipper ran to dial the landline, the house showing many signs of his Uncle's assured absence. He wasn't sure who to call, but figured anyone would do.

It rung once. The breathing drew nearer.

It rung twice.

There was pressure on the floor boards of the porch.

It rung thrice.

The locks slid.

Dipper dropped the phone and sprinted, foolishly, up the stairs.

Even so the thing gave chase.

The heavy sounds on the stairs, the unlocking of the doors. Then the lightbulb that hung from the attic ceiling burned on with a sudden inexplicable brightness. If only for a moment.

When it plunged back into darkness, boy and shadow were gone.



## 2. All That Was Lost

### Notes for the Chapter:

Time to get spooky I guess.

This is short but we'll get there.

*"In other news, reports of several rolling blackouts left many locally without power last night. Particularly in the community of Gravity Falls. Sources inform us power surges were mainly to blame."*

"I figured." Marco mumbled into his cornflakes tiredly. Listening to the drone of the tv as breakfast commenced the following morning.

"Did you girls get any sleep last night, Janna?" Commented his mother to his cousin who's head hung half awake over her own bowl of Cocoa Puffs. Body language mirrored by her slightly younger best friend beside her.

"I didn't." Marco put in agitatedly, shooting a glare in Janna's direction for being the cause of his sleep deprivation.

Janna ignored the look as she lifted her head to let her eyes, though red, glimmer with mischief.

"Mabel crashed around 2, we were listening to those late night call in shows. You know, the ones with the psychics?" She informed her guardian honestly and unashamedly despite knowing full well it was behavior deserving reproach.

"It's all fake you know." Marco rebuttaled before even his mother could rebuke Janna for her late night shannagains. "Totally rigged."

"That's what they want you to believe." Janna said with a smirky grin.

"No, they want you to believe it's real."

Mabel seemed to awake more fully to counter back up her best friend's claim. "Actually Marco, they want you to believe that they

want you to believe it's real but actually they want you to believe it's fake to cover up the fact that it's real."

Marco could not respond to that, so he simply raised an eyebrow. Between the influence of his bonkers cousin, and Dipper's conspiracy theory rants he had occasionally, Mabel had quite a skewed perception of the world. He didn't blame her entirely, she was young and susceptible to things. Still he felt bad that she was following down their dark path of near insanity. It couldn't end well.

"Janna," put in Mrs. Diaz seeing a break in the debate "normally you know we don't mind you staying up a little late. But on school nights and especially when you have friends staying, please try to get to bed at a decent time. It's for your own good, honey."

There it was, that constant pandering to Janna. The leniency that Marco never got. If he pulled a stunt like that he'd have to repaint the shed or something.

His mother stalked off to answer a sudden phone call. As Marco reacted to his growing discontent.

"Psychics are all fake Janna," Marco said just quiet enough to pass under his mother's radar "don't believe me? Just call in and ask one where your dad is."

That was a low blow. Marco regretted it the moment the words slipped out. Mabel gasped a little at the harshness. Before her face turned from fatigued to furious. She could be frightening when she wanted to be, and Marco had just properly earned her wrath. Janna was just staring unbelievably at her cereal bowl. The remark taking wind out of her sails completely, rendering her numb as all mentions of her father did.

"TAKE THAT BACK MARCO DIAZ!" Mabel suddenly said springing up from the table. Her anger finally reaching the tipping point to where silent fury turned to enunciated words.

Janna simply put a hand on her arm in a gentle manner to restrain her from further shouts. Her stillness unsettling as she said in a low voice.

"Telekinesis exists, and one day someone who possesses it's powers will make your life miserable, Marco." Her gaze was steady, but lacked any emotion, the same as her voice. Mabel took her place seated beside her once more, spooked to silence.

The awkwardness that hung over the table was broken by Mrs. Diaz's voice sounding a lot more urgent than it had before she had answered the phone.

*"No he left around 8 last night... Stan? Stan. Calm down now, it's probably just a misunderstanding."*

Marco could just catch a glimpse of his mother's face creased with worry. *Stan, the twins great uncle and temporary guardian.* What had the old man said to make her appear that way? He took a look across the table at Mabel, who seemed to perk her ears up at the mention of her uncle as well. Her nervousness apparent. Mrs. Diaz caught Marco's curious gaze and she lowered her voice considerably. When she returned to the kitchen to three identical looks of wonderment, she plastered on an overly cheery expression.

"Mabel, sweetie, your uncle wants you to come home before heading to school."

"What is it? Is something wrong? Is it mom and dad?" Mabel's face had already grown little lines of worry as she fretted about the possibilities.

"Maybe Dipper just forgot to tell your uncle that you were over here and he had a freakout." Suggested Janna, trying to alleviate but her nonchalant attitude was off-putting.

Marco had a feeling too that it wasn't quite so simple.

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Neither of the twins were present at school that day.

Marco felt as if he was the only one concerned of any of their acquaintances. Not that Dipper was overly popular. Mabel had a good many friends however, and no one seemed to be perturbed. He felt a little like the mythical Cassandra, an unheeded voice of worry and

woe.

He knew there had to be some logical and hopefully optimistic explanation, yet with the unassuring phone call this morning. Quite an out of character mood for Stan being conveyed over the line, and now the sudden disappearance of both sister and brother. Marco was suspicious and weary and very anxious.

He couldn't express his fears to anyone, Janna would brush him off. And being still in Juinor High, he couldn't talk to Wirt, a year ahead. Dipper was usually his back up in these times. It was a very lonely school day for him, indeed.

No answers seemed to make themselves known until he found himself in Earth and Space Science. A class that was required for his 9th grade but which Dipper had been specially placed in. The only class they could share.

He scanned the room, still mulling over his concerns when his ears perked up at the sound of "Pines". He noted the teacher whispering conspiratorially with vice principle. Grave faces and low tones. Marco strained to hear what was being said.

"In your class, right?... Missing last night... Riding home... We don't know..."

Marco began piecing together the bits he could identify. Dipper was the only Pines twin in this class. And only one of two in the whole school. Not to mention last night he would have been riding home.

*From my house.*

A sick feeling ran through him.

Dipper was missing.

No, Dipper had dissapered.